Hussar.

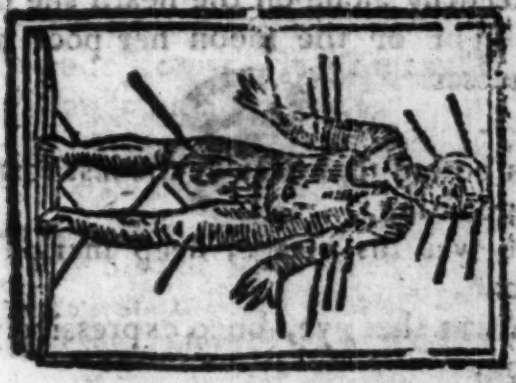
To which are added,

THE TEMPEST.

Midnight Watch.

Sweet Poll of Plymouth.

A HUNTING SONG.



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE on the banks of the dark rolling Danube,
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er;
O whither, she cried, hast thou wander'd my true love,
Or where dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?
What voice did I hear! 'twas my Henry that sigh'd,
All mournful she hasten'd, nor wander'd afar,
When bleeding alone on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon her poor wounded hussar.

From his bosom that heav'd, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep mark'd with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!
How smit was poor Adelaid's heart at the sight,
How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

"Hast thou come, my fond love, the last sorrowful night,
To cheer the lone heart of your wounded hussar.

"Thou shalt live!" she replied, "heaven's mercy relieving,
Each anguishing wound shall forbid me to mourn,"
"Ah! no the last pang in my bosom is heaving,
No light of the morn shall to Henry return;
Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true,
Ye babes of my love that await me afar—"
His falt'ring tongue scarcely murmur'd Adieu,
When he sank in her arms, the poor wounded hussar.

THE TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
list, ye landmen all to me:
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows first in motion,
when the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
and the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
by top-sail sheets and haulyards stand;
Down top-gallants quick be hawling,

man your stay sails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, sets the braces,
the lee top sail sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't meke wry faces,
up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
safe from all but love's alarms,
Around us roars the tempest louder,
think what fears our minds enthral:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
now again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
see all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
tho' the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft, the sprit-sail yard get,
reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each peradventure brace set,
man the foreyard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
in our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
all above but one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries every tongue out,
o'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck!
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out!
call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick the laniards cut to pieces;
come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
four feet water's in the hold!

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
we for wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us,
both chain pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
only He can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
let the guns o'er board be thrown;
To the pumps, come ev'ry hand, boys,
see! her mizen-mast is gone
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
we've lighten'd her a foot or more,
Then up, and rig a jury foremast,
she's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
since a kind fortune sav'd our lives:
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
to our sweet-hearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it:

close to lips the btimmer join.
Where's the tempest now? who feels it?
none;—our danger's drown'd in wine.

MIDNIGHT WATCH.

WHEN the night, and the midwatch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the dark'ned main,
When sailors think of their far distant home,
And on these friends they ne'er may see again,

Yet when the fight's begun,
And you're serving at the gun,
Should any thoughts of these, come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twould cheer,
Their hearts to hear,
That their own companion he was one.

Or my lad, should you a mistress kind
Have left on shore, some pretty girl, and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you.

Yet when the fight's begun,
And you're serving at the gun,
Should any thoughts of her come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,

How it would cheer
Her heart to hear,
That her own true sailor he was one.

SWEET POLL OF PLYMOUTH.

WHEN Edward first heard Poll of Plymouth was dead,
the functions of life made a pause,
His piteous eyes stood aghast in his head,
his shipmates enquired the cause;

Reviving a while he addrest them all round,
with his hand closely prest on his heart,
Saying, "Within this sad letter, at once I have found,
the sceptre of death and his dart.

It tells that my dear Poll of Plymouth is dead,
my comfort, my joy, and my life,
When I was torn from her, she flew to her bed,
and sighing resign'd her dear life;"

He fancied he saw his dear Poll in the clouds,
then stay for poor Edward, he cry'd,
And swift as his fancy he ran up the shrouds,
and eagerness flash'd in his eyes.

He call'd for all hands, and he gave a loud
shriek,
and now all distracted he raves,
Saying, "Don't you see that my heart's sprung a
leak,"
and threw himself into the waves;

All hands were employ'd to prevent his sad fate,
the long boat was hoisted in vain,
They dragg'd him on board, but, alas! 'twas too
late;
For he never once breathed again.

A HUNTING SONG.

WITH early horn salute the morn,
That gilds this charming place;
With cheerful cries bid echo rise
And join the jovial chase
The vocal hills around,
The waving woods,
The chrystal flood,s
Return, the enliv'ning sound.

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FINIS.